

Dear Dr. Green,

I am sorry I have taken so long in answering your letter, & your request for information about my father. It was really unavoidable.

There was a fire in the storage area of the apartment where I previously lived; pictures, missionary journals, scrap books were destroyed. My sisters live in different areas now. Diana in Short Hills, N. Jersey - Maryann in Brigham City, Utah & I in the Salt Lake area.

Everyone was happy about your book & that you wanted to include our parents.

But were slow in getting material to me.

My sister Stella ^{reminded} ~~has reminded~~ me, that you are not writing a book about our parents, that all you wanted ^{is} history.

I don't know how well you ^{Wondered} knew my parents.

My parents had a happy marriage & we were all happy a few place to live.

They had not only love but respect for each other.

My father was in the hospital recovering from a slight stroke. Mother was in the hall talking to one of the nurses.

My father said to me, 'I want you to go back to S.L. & find someone to make you happy. Your mother & house never had great

weath, but we had a good life. The
in pulled me + I know her more than the
day I married her.
I think that in a twinkling + wonderful
they to know your father any about your
mother.

My father was born around the world
the made gun for the great, + not at great.
+ heeded them all the same.
from the show of war, ambivalence, + narrative
more than, get things, get D'Becky, + other
the to S. Olympic style seem.

He provided gun for the largest ~~ammunition~~
in Europe to buy out their arms - they always
look at place. These were and
during the war years (world war II) He
perfected the Bayonet, + plane (plus m.2
with used by Marine corp.) I haven't found
~~any info on the m.1 rifle - only word of spread~~
~~from others.~~ He was called world's greatest ~~gunner~~
to his children he was the world's
greatest father

ps. also did a lot of work for Emergency Comm. as
Jack Co. (owner of Outboard of the) Magazine. who wrote
many articles about my father - in children's life + in
his books. I haven't been able to find these

What and wonderful

My father told us that when things he would not stand for!

He would not be led to.

Then talk back to our mother

He (mother) used to be called 'mother', never me, & the father never.

He never had a hand or an. Just then were

momentarily under a thought & was deemed, we were

living in 'Machung' & my father told him, very much

his other work. One day a man from that side had

come to pick up a gun. He & my father were standing

on the porch talking. I may have been 5 yrs. old.

Old enough to know what I was doing. I would put

& said hi pa! Immediately I knew I was deemed. I

was around the house, one way, my father the other.

He held out his arm & went over the top.

He took me in the father when we put down

& he talked to me & promised I would never do that

again, saying something like 'I'll be there'. He told me I

had to sit there until he came back. After about

an hr. of contemplation he came back & sat down.

we waited & ate chocolate drops from my delectable

plate.

One day I was tending my younger sisters Diann & Maryan. I slapped Diann because she wouldn't do something I told her, & she started screaming, not crying, screaming! My Dad came in from the shop & wanted to know what was wrong & Diann told him how terrible I was. I could have murdered her!

My Father took my arm, we walked through the kitchen dining room, into the living room. I thought I was dead! he sat me down beside him & said, I know you love Diann, & you wouldn't slap her for no reason. Something is wrong I want to know what it is.

I don't know what brought all this on, but as a child, I told him I wouldn't never be as smart as Russell, or as beautiful as Stella, & other things.

He was quiet for a minute, & then he said: 'Well I already have one Russell, I really don't need another Stella. Then he hugged me & said:

"I tell you what I do need I need a Faba, who will be as good ^{& Beautiful} as she can be.

Diann
My sister had married Roger Shields. He was teaching at the U. of Texas & General Electric called & wanted him to work for them & be an Economic Consultant to the govt. of South Vietnam. He didn't know what to do & called my Father & asked him what ~~he~~ he thought.

This really touched & pleased him, to think their brilliant young man with a Dis degree would want his advice.

Roger went to work for S.E. the pentagon called & wanted to know who worked for them & they told them about Roger. The man on the line asked if he was the Roger Shields who graduated from the U. of Virginia. He was one of his Roger profs & so Roger & Diann went to Washington & Roger became Deputy Sec. of Defense. He signed the papers & brought about the release of our prisoners of war. in that time he brought them home. What another great story. I had lived to see & hear most of Roger's experience, & was very proud.

after my Father's death I was on a buying trip & had gone to New York on a buying trip for 3.1 M.S. I had gone to Arlington for the weekend & Diann had me read Dad's letter to her & Roger when they had asked his advice.

as you know my Father was not in church every Sunday, but he was a very spiritual man. He wrote: no one can really tell you what to do

I think Washington ~~said~~ sounds like a great opportunity - & you are certainly qualified.

There is someone wiser than I you can go to. You know who I mean, kneel together & ask Him what to do. He will give you an answer.

Whatever your decision ~~have a~~ ~~soon~~ stay close together, & have a wonderful life! Love Dad,

Diann has always thought she was the family rebel. But actually, her Heavenly Father was her best friend. She really talked to Him.

On their day she said Papa, I have to tell you something, now when I say I don't say Heavenly Father, & say "Daddy what shall I do".

I started to laugh, & she said "why are you laughing?" I said "Diann I do the same thing!" She said "why do we do that?" I said "Diann I'm sure Daddy is driving them all crazy up there. He is probably the first one in line every morning, saying, "look Diann has their problem, & their poor little ones there. What are you going to do about it?" Through our tears we were able to laugh. We have wonderful memories.

When Diann arrived home after his death she walked up the wall. She couldn't go inside. I went out to get her, she didn't have to say anything. You see whenever we came home, he was always there on the porch.

to meet us! He should have kept there.
See Alvin I have told you are at your
might know a little more about my parents -
not to be read.

Lula Elizabeth Murrin, was born Oct. 25, 1901 in Midway, Utah to John & Mary Ann Hassler Murrin. she was educated in W. C. schools.

~~Mother~~ She married Bliss E. Titus on June 14, 1921 in the Salt Lake Temple.

She ~~was~~ worked in all the capacities in the Midway 1st Ward.

after my parents moved to Heber. Mother was president of the Heber 1st ward primary.

~~president~~ 1st counselor in R. Society for 3 years of Heber 1st Ward.

Relief Society pres. of Heber 1st & 6th Ward for 10 years.

State board for 5 years

She ^{was a special} volunteered for ^{many years} cancer & heart drives.

She loved to read & instilled that love in

all her children. every afternoon in the summer, when it was hot we had to stay indoors where she read to us. There is a poem, I couldn't find, but in

essence it goes like this: "I have now read to me...."

Just richer than King I will always be I had a mother

or had books from the library for us to read or

meisee to listen too - we thought she was

awfully mean. We all look back on those

moments as some of the happiest in our lives.

say yes, after all the years of pain she has endured!

So I said: "Mother, all you think God has asked more of you than you can endure!" & she ~~said~~ answered "sometimes when I lay here in so much pain I ask myself that question. But, the answer is no, your attitude determines your happiness or unhappiness in this life, & I raised you to be happy."

My mother had given me the best answer of all ~~for my lesson~~ I try to remember what she said every Sunday when I leave the nursing home; tears streaming down my face. My mother has entered a world of her own, where a ~~cannot~~ enter any more.